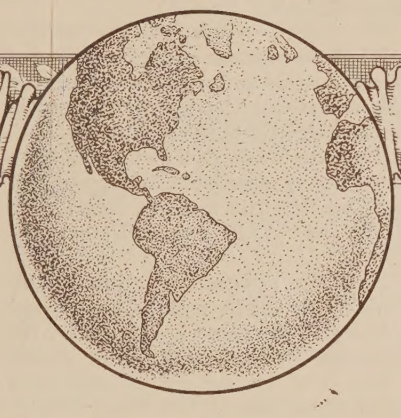
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

April 1, 1922



Already Christ Is Coming

Already Christ is coming. Hear ye not
The footfalls of the Lord? He tramples down
The cruel hedges men have built about
The gate that leads to heaven. He rends the creeds
And gives their tatters to the merry winds.
He does not come as bigots prophesy
To choose a handful and to damn the rest,
To found a Jewish-Gentile kingdom here
And roll the world into the Past again.
He comes the spirit of a riper age,
When all that is not good or true shall die—
When all that's bad in custom, false in creed,
And all that makes the boor and mars the man,
Shall pass away forever. Yes, he comes
To give the world a passion for the truth,
To inspire us with a holy human love,
To make us sure that, ere a man can be
A saint, he first must be a man.

Selected.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

Environment is a wonderful thing. Think of how many parents have been broadened by associating with their children. (*Elizabeth Journal.*)

υ λ

When the war was on, we could never reconcile ourselves to what was to us the hideous fact that government *forced* people to *give* their lives to the country, but only *invited* them to *loan* their money. If there was to be any conscription in this war business, we felt that it should begin with wealth and not with lives. (*Unity.*)

υ λ

From two performances given in New York in February for the benefit of political prisoners, a movement has sprung for the permanent organization of a labor theater—that is, of, by, and for the workers at prices all can afford. The Labor Theater Guild, which sprang from those beginnings, has repeated the performance of Shaw's "Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," Susan Glaspell's "Trifles," and Lawrence Langner's "Another Way Out;" and Ben Legere, general director, announces that the success both as regards attendance and artistic value has justified the organization of the guild for regular work. (*Survey.*)

υ λ

The curse of our times is the vast army of people who care nothing for their work, who labor solely for money. (*David Belasco.*)

υ λ

The Society of Friends includes individuals of every shade of conviction—conservative, liberal and radical. It seems to us, therefore, that the *Intelligencer*, to represent the Society genuinely, must give expression to all the degrees of conviction which the latter includes. (*Friends' Intelligencer.*)

υ λ

Speaking of bills and their payment, we notice that Uncle Samuel is left out in the cold again. This country has kept an army of occupation on the Rhine, nominally at Germany's expense, but when the Allied ghouls the other day apportioned the last installment of money that they had knaved out of Germany they handily ducked out of this little obligation, which in round numbers comes to some $241,000,000. . . . We are glad that this bill has been disallowed. Education as valuable as this is worth paying for with cheerfulness. If we had our way, we should charge up to experience every cent of American war-losses, actual and prospective. Ultimately, of course, this will be done, but it will be done reluctantly and grudgingly, whereas we should like to see it done whole-heartedly and even thankfully. (*Freeman.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. **The Universal Fatherhood of God.**
2. **The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.**
3. **The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.**
4. **The certainty of just retribution for sin.**
5. **The final harmony of all souls with God.**

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

They work hardest who work to escape work.

* *

Apply the Christianity you have if you want more.

* *

One fool may start a rumpus it will take a hundred policemen to quell.

* *

Children are the only successful doctors for the prevention and cure of old age.

* *

No need to urge him who is in love to serve that love whether in earth or heaven.

* *

Gardening by catalogue is less expensive, but the products thereof are less nourishing.

* *

The strong man who could juggle great weights could not assemble the wheels of a watch.

* *

It cost a young man a fortune to be known as a good fellow, and after all there was a better fellow.

* *

On the tombstone of some ministers this epitaph should be written: "He committed suicide with his tongue."

* *

Scientists are working miracles in these days, but not one has yet been able to make a bit of honey in the comb.

* *

There is a similarity between the theological and the railroad schedule in that they are beyond the understanding of the common people, but both promise much and fulfil some.

* *

Miraculous Stupidity

"The great lesson from history," says the cynic, "is that men learn nothing from history." One hundred and fifty years ago, Tory stupidity dismembered the English speaking world. Recent occurrences in Ireland and Egypt indicated that even Tories might learn under the stern tutelage of events. But now comes seeming contradiction of all that. The greatest spiritual movement of our day is that led by Mohandas Gandhi in India. Gandhi's arrest was a foreseen stupidity, but it appears almost intelligent beside the choice of the new secretary of state for India. Edwin S. Montagu resigned largely as a protest against a policy of brutal repression of the noblest aspirations of the Hindu race. Partly to avoid the risk of a by-election, the English Government has replaced him with Viscount Peel, a discredited gambler who has dragged a great name through half the low resorts of Europe.

An Oversight

To those familiar with the nervous incisiveness of John Haynes Holmes in speaking and the polished clarity of his writing it will hardly be necessary to say that the article on Mohandas Gandhi in the *Leader* of March 18 was prepared from stenographic notes of an address given in Boston. So timely did it seem that it was sent to the composing room almost without revision. We feel sure that many of our readers will be glad to know that a pamphlet edition of this address has been issued by Mr. Holmes' church in New York and may be had at ten cents a copy.

Climate and Creeds

Some day some very wise man will make a study of the influence of climate upon creeds, and write a big book about it, and then we shall begin to discover how little we know. The new South is no place to make the study, for there we have an entirely new product, the transplanted Northerner. But there are interesting situations there. Where you meet the real native you are sure to find that theologically he stands where his parents did; and while mostly they are very orthodox, those who have inherited liberalism are extreme in their position. The Southern people have opinions and hold to them tenaciously. There is heroic blood in their veins Northern people going into the South are first conscious of being freed from old religious and social ties and are more than apt to drift with the popular current. So there is the curious situation of popular churches and antique theology on Sunday morning and evening, and European license all the rest of the time. That is, it appears that there is a lot of religion, but it has not "taken" yet; it does not mean anything in the actual life. Draw lines around this world and we believe it will be found that these climatic lines mark the division between liberal and conservative thinking. And we may well wonder if temperature does not have a real influence upon theology.

THE FUNDAMENTALIST PROPAGANDA

IT is time for Universalists, and other religious liberals, to awake to the menace of the fundamentalist propaganda.

Here is a movement which threatens to cut Protestantism in twain. It works without reference to sect or denomination. All the so-called Evangelicals are infected with it, and some of them are facing imminent disruption. The Baptists appear to be in the most danger. For some years the fundamentalist group in that Church has held a congress in advance of their annual Convention to devise means of getting control of the denominational machinery. There is more than a possibility that they will succeed this year. The Disciples Church is almost equally disturbed. In Chicago the Congregationalists are lined up squarely on the issue, and only great tact on the part of their leaders has prevented an open rupture. And so on all along the line.

The purpose of the fundamentalists is to re-establish medieval Orthodoxy. They hold to the literal inerrancy of the Scriptures, a special creation, total human depravity, the virgin birth, the atonement by blood, the ultimate damnation of most of mankind, and all the other dreary dogmas of the Dark Ages. Chief emphasis is laid upon the second coming, which they declare is right at the doors.

The fundamentalists are numerous and indefatigable. Because they discourage thinking on religious questions, they make a strong appeal to the masses. They have some able leaders, like Mr. Bryan, whose only special qualification for the job is that he understands mob psychology and knows how to use words with skill and pungency. He does not scorn to employ all the tricks of a stump-speaker.

But of liberal scholarship they have none—and are proud of it! They are at war with all higher education. They have vowed to cast science out of the schools, and are demanding that all teachers shall subscribe to "orthodox" doctrines or be removed. The doctrine of evolution is the particular red rag at which all their Bulls of Bashan bellow in chorus.

But what has all this to do with Universalists? More than a little. We have no fundamentalists among us, so we look upon it with indifference. But it is time to blow a trumpet in Zion. That interpretation of Christian truth for which we have fought for a century and a half, and that very liberty of conscience which has been a corner-stone of American religious life from the beginning, are threatened. If the fundamentalists get control of Orthodoxy, we are in for another period of sharp reaction. Let no one suppose that the Dark Ages can not come back! And let no one laugh at this as a bogy! Seven years ago millions were laughing at the idea that the war in Europe was any menace to America.

What shall we do? First, face the facts. Second, educate our people. Universalists assume the soundness of our liberal doctrines of the Bible and Christian truth in general, but they are woefully ignorant of the facts with which to defend those doctrines. People are tremendously interested in religious truth when it is presented in the language of every day. One of our ministers has just concluded a series of lectures on the origin of the Scriptures, putting the positive results of the Higher Criticism in such form and compass that busy laymen could understand it. Without any special urging, over one hundred and fifty persons, from many different local churches, joined his class, and there was an average attendance of more than a hundred. This is pre-empting the field. Get such information into people's minds, and they will laugh at the crudities of fundamentalism. Any vigorous minister can do as much. Some can do much more.

* *

"EVOLUTION—A MENACE"

IF any intelligent liberal wishes six dollars' worth of fun for sixty cents, he can secure it by purchasing a copy of "Evolution—a Menace," by the Rev. J. W. Porter, D. D., LL. D. Dr. Porter is president of the Baptist Book Concern, publisher and editor of the *Recorder*, trustee of Georgetown College and of Barboursville Institute, and minister of the First Baptist Church of Lexington, Kentucky, "said to cover more ground than any other Baptist church in the world."

The preface indicates that the book grows out of "the recent general uprising against the teaching of evolution in our schools," and from the contention that Christ "shall not be crucified on the cross of a false philosophy, called evolution." Nothing could be more touching than its dedication: "To my beloved and womanly wife, on whose brow is stamped the likeness of Him in whose 'image' she was created, and whose pure and noble blood is untainted by that of insect, reptile, fowl, or beast."

Declaring Dr. Shutter's book, "Applied Evolution," to contain "well nigh blasphemous utterances," Dr. Porter goes on to say that "evolution is not only contrary to the letter and spirit of Christianity," but is "the iridescent and delusive dream of the scholastic highbrow, who consciously or unconsciously has degraded God and deified Darwin."

But let no one imagine, because this book is a joke, that it is only a joke. In addition to all his other accomplishments, for several years its author was a practising lawyer. He knows all the cunning arts for arranging testimony to appeal to the passions and prejudices of an ignorant jury and to win a verdict from their ignorance of the subject matter. When it is remembered that Dr. Porter is a leader of his denomination, that this book is published by the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention and will no doubt be largely circulated through churches and Sunday schools, it must be regarded not merely as a joke, but also as a menace.

Thirty or forty years ago the ultra-Orthodox did their utmost to compel college and university students to choose between new knowledge and old dogma. They succeeded—in alienating from the church multitudes of the finest young men and women, with the consequent impoverishment of the spiritual life of a generation.

The "menace" for the youth of to-day is the same—not evolution, but devolution; not new truth, but old falsehood. The track of such teachers and preachers as Dr. Porter will be strewn with the moral and spiritual wreckage of the youth they have deceived and perverted.

Ecclesiastical Lynching, Past and Present---A Sermon

The Rev. John Coleman Adams, D. D.

ONE winter day in the time of Jeremiah the prophet, King Jehoiakim sat before an open fire while one of his courtiers read to him from the writing of the prophet the warning of the peril which threatened Judah from the Babylonians. The king cut off the portion of the scroll which contained the warning, believing that this would suppress the troublesome news and end the incident. But Jeremiah wrote another book, larger and more emphatic than the first; and Jehoiakim discovered the truth which Gamaliel, centuries later, declared—that a counsel which is of God ye can not overthrow.

Forgetting the experience of Jehoiakim and the advice of Gamaliel, some hundreds of years later a conclave of prelates in the Christian Church decreed that the teaching that the sun was the center of the solar system was contrary to the doctrines of the faith and should be suppressed. To-day the world laughs at their folly and futility. The truth of Copernicus could not be suppressed.

Still struggling gallantly against the light, when Galileo, about a century later, espoused and developed the teachings of Copernicus, the Church decided that to believe the earth smaller than and inferior to the sun made man and Christianity of no account and diminished the importance of the Pope. "So Galileo was made to recant this view and put the earth back in its place as the immovable center of the universe." The attempt to alter the arrangement of the solar system did not succeed, however, and once more the theory of Jehoiakim broke down. The prelates had literally been fighting against God.

In the thirteenth century the creed of Jehoiakim was organized into one of the most powerful and terrible tribunals the world has ever seen, the Holy Inquisition. For three centuries it oppressed all Europe and Spanish America with its terrors, enlisting such inhuman agents as Phi ip II and the Duke of Alva in the endeavor to stop the spiritual progress of the world and paralyze the reason and conscience of man. With all the resources of a powerful Church and of mighty monarchs, it failed to do the thing which it attempted, because it was fighting against the truth and the right to think, and these things are of God.

It would seem as if the lessons of history might have discouraged the intolerant and bigoted souls who in every age perpetuate the spirit of the king of Judah. The record is invariable. The old legend of King Canute trying to bind the sea with chains and arrest the waves, has always symbolized the folly of trying to keep the eyes of man from seeing and his mind from thinking. To ordain that we shall always think as our fathers did and see the universe as they did, is to command the impossible, and so when we see in this new generation groups of men, who presumably have some knowledge of history, repeating this stupidity, we are tempted to agree with Bernard Shaw: "The lesson that we learn from history is that men learn nothing from history."

For here in America, in this very year of our Lord, the sons of Jehoiakim are making hot their fire to suppress the utterances of the Jeremiahs of to-day, and to destroy, if they can, these latter-day prophets. Large and heavily financed factions in many Evangelical denominations are mobilized to suppress the teachings of modern science, to resist the application of Christianity to social reconstruction, and to enforce the most rigid and repellent dogmas of traditional Orthodoxy, by methods which have all the spirit and many of the practises of the Inquisition. They are aiming not only to terrorize and ruin every minister and church official who does not subscribe to their narrow creed, but to force from their positions all professors in colleges and theological institutions who accept the doctrine of evolution, and to prohibit the teaching of evolution in any school supported by the state.

The policy of these modern sons of Jehoiakim is inflexibly fixed. They mean to shut off free inquiry and free speech in the Church and out of it, to drive all who differ from them from pulpit, press and professorial chairs. They are tagging as heretics all who dissent from their interpretation of Bible and nature, all who believe that Christian theology is a progressive science, or that new centuries have brought new light to the souls of devout men. They would call a halt to the converging steps of the sects as they seek a new unity and fellowship, and draw lines of division between them. Such are the policies, practises and spirit of the new party in the Church who call themselves fundamentalists. Heirs of the Holy Office of the Inquisition, they are of the spirit of Torquemada, of Philip of Spain, of Bloody Mary of England—a religious Ku Klux Klan. These names are none too harsh, for the fundamentalists are of the same temper as their predecessors. They would silence the prophets of their own day as Ahab and Jezebel tried to silence Elijah, as Herod dealt with John the Baptist, as Calvin and the Reformers closed their argument with Servetus. They would meet argument with accusation, contradict facts with force, deny assertion by prohibiting speech.

It is astonishing how easily these modern reactionaries forget their history. The annals of the Church are a succession of warnings to those who resist the attempts of the human mind to get new knowledge. From the beginnings of Christianity, its enemies have tried to destroy its literature, repress its propaganda, and silence its heralds. The Emperor Diocletian made a crusade against the gospel records of the life of Jesus; to have or to read the book was to be liable to imprisonment or death. Diocletian is a fading memory; the gospels are a living force. To read the translation which Wycliff made of the Bible meant excommunication, and William Tyndale's version was fiercely opposed, while he himself was driven into exile, and finally strangled as a heretic. But William Tyndale's work lives to-day on the lips of every reader of the English Bible.

The same price was exacted for freedom to read the "book of nature." The astronomers who first detected the real truth about the solar system were bidden to close their minds to any conclusion at which the leaders in the Church had not arrived. The early students of geology were denounced as atheists for asserting from the testimony of the rocks that the earth was millions of years old, just as are the biologists to-day for holding that the human race has been slowly developed from lower types of animal life. But the truths of astronomy are as certain as the orbits of the planets, and the facts of geology are as firmly settled as the rocks on which its theories are based. History but repeats itself in the charges that the believers in the theory of evolution are infidels and atheists.

There is a delightful Boston story of two sisters who attended Thomas Huxley's lectures before the Lowell Institute on the theory of evolution. For two or three evenings neither made any comment on the startling doctrines to which they were listening. But at last the younger timidly asked, "Sister, what do you think of this theory?" To which the elder replied, "I think that if it is false it will die of itself. If it is true, it must be hushed up." The fundamentalists are not even as courageous as the elder sister, for they will not run the risk of waiting for its death. They are out to give it a quietus by ecclesiastical lynching.

Regardless of the panics of bigotry and the fury of the intolerant, God's way in history has ever been to let truth and error measure themselves in the open and then let the best cause win. If you dare not trust your teaching to free discussion, if you feel that it must be defended by intimidation, reinforced by law and by duress, safeguarded by prejudice and by intolerance, then you have little faith in its power and efficacy; you are the real infidel, and a very dangerous one. Gamaliel was a real believer when he advised the Jews to leave the issue between themselves and the apostles to God. Jehoiakim and his successors are infidels at heart because they mistrust the very cause they champion.

Of the outcome of this new struggle with the obstructors of progress and enlightenment there can be no doubt. But the victory will not come save with struggle and sacrifice. The conflict renews itself age after age, and God lets no generation escape the task of establishing its own contribution to the grand sum total of the truth. The call will come to many who will find the burden heavy and the sacrifice great. But they who have seen the light must be obedient to the heavenly vision. The theology of the Evangelical Churches must be recast to include the truth as the present sees it. New alignments must be made which will unite all Christians who trust the truth and God, who is its source. Wrote Milton: "Let truth and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and honest encounter?" In this spirit, we must gird ourselves for the ever glorious championship of light and truth, and meet this latest crusade against enlightenment.

America's and the World's Debt to Woodrow Wilson

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Free Synagogue, New York City

THOUGH history will do justice to Woodrow Wilson, it is well that we deal with him now while we may keep alive his memorable spirit. America breeds different types of greatness. It is enormously important for ourselves, and above all for our youth, rightly to appraise our great. We can not afford to neglect our great any more than we can afford to canonize our least. To praise Wilson is not to disparage Roosevelt any more than to disparage Lincoln. The American Pantheon is wide and spacious and its occupants are comparatively few.

It may not be fair to say of Wilson that he bore heavier burdens, world-burdens, than did Lincoln, for none could be heavier than were Lincoln's, and he bore them alone as Wilson did. This may be said of Lincoln and of Wilson alike: Each was equal to the great occasion that summoned; each worthily represented America in time of crisis at America's highest. Lincoln, true to the heart of America, was, and, had he lived, would have remained magnanimous to the erring sons of the nation. Wilson was and willed to be no less magnanimous to the erring and rebellious nations of earth. The easier thing would have been to prate about retribution and vengeance. And for a time the nation would have yielded to the lure of the lower call. Instead of that, this father of his country called upon America to be equal to the most difficult of all tasks. Rather he dared to ask America to stand unflinchingly upon the highest level.

That was the head and front of his offending. It will always be accounted to America's honor that it would have remained equal to the summons of the great leader to the very end had it not been for a campaign of misrepresentation and empoisonment which for a time availed to becloud the mind of America.

Some day the story will be written and men will be able to weigh and free to choose. It seems a sordid, gleamless tale, the tragedy of the highest ends of life sacrificed at the behest of partisan prejudice and personal malignity. They struck him down, thinking they would destroy him forever. In truth for a time they shattered some of the pillars of the world's Temple of Peace, but they have revealed that he is to live forever.

He kept us out of war too long, say some, not long enough, say others. But when he led us into the war, we and our valiant allies were gloriously led by his spirit calling us to victory in the highest. What shall be said of those who kept us out of the peace and in truth have kept peace far from the ways of the world? To-day we face every responsibility and yet fail to exert the authority that is rightfully our own. Never was unique opportunity so frivolously cast away. This, the achievement of such as

limit their horizon with the hope for the outcome of an election. The Washington Conference is only the second step in the great and solemn referendum for which he asked. But oh, the pity of the confusion that obtains! Washington, Cannes, Genoa, Geneva—everything short of a genuine and generous concert of the liberated peoples of earth such as Wilson planned and all but made inevitable.

The great, the supremely great service of Woodrow Wilson to the nations was rendered as the interpreter of American idealism. First he formed the mind of America, first he shaped America's soul, then he dared to utter that soul at its highest. He believed in America; he appealed to his countrymen at their noblest. It is true, as has been urged against him by one of the leading organs of public opinion, that he overrated the capacity of the people for sustained vision and purpose.

For a time, we have lost the moral leadership of the world. But let us have faith. "We shall come back, return to those high levels we have abandoned. No good cause is ever lost. Is there anything I can do? I am still ready to serve." Wilson has so greatly wrought for America, Wilson has so mightily served humankind, that we lift our hearts and pray God to bless the America of Washington and Lincoln, of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

"When from the embattled world the smoke of hate,
Vengeance, and violence shall have rolled away,
Tear christened shall have dawned the amber day
Of peace and reason in the realm of state—
Then thou, who learned to labor and to wait
Through storm and stress with patient faith, shalt see
A wiser people's deeper loyalty
Requite thee with their love, O chief of state,
And when thy nobler purpose shall appear
Revealed all golden on the world's highway,
Then shall a nation, nay, a hemisphere,
Exalt the far flung wisdom of thy way,
O greater chieftain of the higher mind!"

Editorial Correspondence

MIAMI and South Florida have had an official visitation, in fact, two, for our General Superintendent, Dr. Lowe, and in his train the Rev. F. B. Bishop, our Southern Superintendent, descended together and at once like good shepherds on the fold of good sheep, and we were not afraid. And they did not appear in the least timid, but coming out of the frigid North quickly adapted themselves to the customs and costumes of this summer land. They had to, too! When they descended from their middle-of-the-night train, they fell right into the arms of some big-hearted parishioners and also into their auto, in which they were whirled to the Royal Palm, and there is no night there, but a continual feast goes on for about twenty-six out of the twenty-four hours of each day, including Sunday. It was not necessary to rouse the cook and spread the table; everything was ready and the hungry travelers were made unhungry and then were put to bed in the little more staid and quiet, but no less elegant, Hotel Urmey.

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The next day being Saturday, the traditional time for human cleansing, these Superintendents two were taken to the beach and they plunged them into the mid-winter surf, where they sozzled about among the mermen and mermaids, making loud noises with their mouths and splashes with their hands, etc., at last coming forth in such a state of cleanliness that they could be known by those familiar with them in past years. I am positive their wives and children would have recognized them with the naked eye!

But this unwonted experience had developed a most spectacular and Spartan hunger, and so they were hurried to the "parsonage," where one of the wonderful fish of these southern waters had immolated himself as a baked sacrifice under the deft hand of a Nassau cook. Both officials protested as they gazed that they were dieting—but we did not notice it!

The next hour should be shrouded in mystery, because it was filled with nothing but ministerial and church gossip. Very reprehensible, no doubt, but in one who has been for months on the borderland, where the only knowledge of the doings of the doers comes fluttering in on the leaves of the church paper—and too often those leaves are all blotted with old sermons instead of fresh news—the gossip-hunger is greater than the physical hunger of peripatetic superintendents. We believe we deserved the feast. How little do the busy home people realize the hunger of the missionary for a bit of the flavor of the home church. And I often think how shamefully we neglect our missionaries in far Japan, who have been sent to do our work for us and are straightway forgotten. They want a bit of home-made bread, and with enough and to spare we give nothing save our perfunctory dollars.

* *

You can not separate a live church from its living city, and so, through the courtesy of our generous parishioners, we saw some of the high lights, and they are sure high lights in this home of winter pleasure. We think we have the counterpart in the summer resorts of the North, but we have not, for everything is abnormal here, even contradictory. The season is turned topsy-turvy and so are the people; social and moral standards are shaken, even displaced; there must be a new adjustment of all our old notions. And yet here are human beings who have just loosened their grip, and are drifting on a summer sea—not all of them, to be sure, but all more or less affected by novel conditions. There is a substratum of the genuine, and the churches are making a serious mistake when they try to vie with the amusement programs. There are churches which for Sunday evening are putting on jazz music and every sort of freak notion to attract, and they get people, who go away from the so-called service in exactly the same state of mind in which they go from the casino. Now for a startling contrast. The Hotel Urmey is one of the largest and most beautiful of the many hotels here, commanding the highest type of patronage. On Sunday evenings, after the time when it would interfere with those who want to go to church, Mr. U me

the wise and gracious host, puts on a program of vocal and orchestral music which is a religious service, and invites the attendance of those who would worship, and I have an idea that it is more acceptable to God than the irreligious vaudeville, and brings rest to many who are weary of the abnormal strain of excessive pleasure.

But our guests must see all sides, and so we attended the tea *dansante* at the Flamingo, which was out of doors in the soft light of the declining sun and framed with marvelous palms. The whole scene was indescribable save as an erupting volcano of jewels and colors all moving in time and tune of exquisite music. Brilliant beyond words—but what is it all for? As well ask what is the horse show for, not to show horses, but to show women and their gowns and jewels, and afford an opportunity to spend in an hour enough money to keep a family for a week. However, here it is, and people enjoy it, or at least make believe, and as long as they spend their own money who can object? But the majority of those spenders never earned a cent in their lives. Whose money then, and how did they get it?

* *

The next morning there was something different. In the most beautiful theater of the city, the First Universalist Church gathered to worship and to listen to the messages of our chief officers. There were more than two hundred present, nearly one-half men. We have a real devotional service, which was conducted by the pastor, assisted by the Rev. F. B. Bishop, our Southern Superintendent, and then Dr. Lowe preached a powerful sermon on "The Seen and the Unseen," and at the conclusion our people had the privilege of meeting personally our guests, and indicating their loyalty to the cause.

That was all in the way of religious services, as we can get no other place in which to gather our people, but we enjoyed a unique function. The birthday of Mr. William H. Luden falling on this day, we were taken literally into the family circle at the beautiful home and enjoyed a delicious dinner amid exceptional hospitality.

But the end of a perfect day was yet afar off, for our moderator, Dr. A. L. Evans, took us for a long drive through the blossoming orange groves, and into the very heart of the grove owned by another of our trustees, Mr. Girtman, where the longing of every sane person, to stand beneath an orange tree and eat all he wants, was gratified, while eager children loaded our car with delicious fruit and beautiful flowers.

* *

Our last experience and in some ways the best, was a visit to the Seminole Indian village on the banks of the Miami river. We were all more or less familiar with the western Indians, but the Seminoles are unique in dress and manner of living. They are the most independent race in the country, not excepting the Progressive political party. They have never submitted to the United States Government, and are living as generations gone in the primitive simplicity which is their right. Their striking costume is often seen on our streets, where these children of the wilderness walk in proud indifference to the whites. They scorn all relationship, they have their own language and will speak no other. Physically they are splendid specimens of manhood and womanhood, and their moral standards are above some of our own. The most splendid specimen, Chief Tigertail, a veritable picture of primitive man, the night after our visit was brutally murdered by a white man, and the whole city, white as well as red, mourns his departure.

* *

One day more in this string of jeweled days, when another of our trustees, Mayor Woolley of Silver Cliff, opened for us the gates to some of the most magnificent estates, and then when we were weary took us again to the beach for a final plunge in the mid-winter sea. And then our guests were off to see some of the minor attractions of the South, and think over at their leisure the worth-whileness of our Mission in Miami.

F. A. B.

The Wisdom of the Workers

Our Jewels and How to Safeguard Them

The Rev. Sara L. Stoner

SOME one who loved children has spoken of them as "our jewels."

Jewels are valuable. Diamonds, opals and other precious stones, because of the difficulty of mining or of dressing them, bring fabulous prices. Such valuables are safeguarded that they be not lost, stolen or tarnished. The housewife keeps her solid silver cutlery in a bank vault, as a safeguard against robbery. Many an heirloom, treasured by its owner, is safeguarded, not because of its money value, but because mother or grandmother had once worn it or used it.

In our state and national libraries and museums we are safeguarding at great cost, books, papers and manuscripts whose authors have long since finished their earthly tasks. Every sort of tool and implement, pictures and chiseled forms—what sums of money are expended in the care and preservation of them!

So completely established has the habit of safe guarding material things become, that it leads us sometimes into a foolish expenditure of time and money. With not a few people there is an instinctive disposition to store away and to safeguard all sorts of things. To take care of things that have a value is commendable. It is a wise economy. Waste is to be avoided. We Americans have by far too much of it. "A penny saved is a penny earned" is based upon a sound philosophy and a good commercial principle.

However, in proportion as a *child is more valu ble than a diamond,* more valuable than a costly painting or a finely chiseled block of marble, so is the safeguarding of children—these jewels of ours—infinitely more important.

In the very nature of things, after decades of time, the leaves of the books that we try to preserve

ill fall apart, and finally crumble to dust. The uel ravages of the elements will, at last, destroy tterly the things that generations of men and women ave labored so diligently to preserve.

Not so with human jewels. These children hom God intrusts to our keeping for a little while are mmortal. The gift of a child to the home, to the community, to the world, is priceless. No other treasure nown to mankind requires more thoughtful safeuarding. Not that there is danger of it becoming eternally lost," but that it may be directed in the ay of its *eternal possibilities.*

Luther Burbank, the man who has wrought such onderful changes in the vegetable kingdom, has writ-n a book on "The Training of the Human Plant," n which he insists that the same laws that remove ne thorns from a rosebush or from a cactus will ompletely transform a human being. Helen Keller, n her wonderful essay on "Optimism," writes: "The orld is sown with good; but unless I turn my glad houghts into practical living, and till my own field, can not reap a kernel of good."

A child, therefore, from the time it opens its eyes o the light of day, and from the time it opens its eart to the love of the world, should be safeguarded y the best possible environment. Stored away in at child is the God-image. Under the right sort of evelopment that image will enlarge and beautify nd give joy and service to those about it. The rst safeguarding factors in every child's life are the re-natal influences. Children have a right to be ell born; they have a right to a welcome in the home nto which they come. More thought given to eneration will make less need of regeneration. All ainted blood should be eliminated from a child's eins. A child is born with an irresistible disposition o steal, with an appetite for strong drink, with a selfish, ealous, cruel disposition. That child must suffer he agony of an unmerited inheritance. As one writer uggests, "we need the best blood the world can ive us."

The home must be safeguarded! Civilization will ever have thrown about itself a halo of glory until the omes of every nation, and of every race, become *purified* and *sanctified* by the holiest of emotions and by Christlike principles.

The Sunday school, or the church school, must assume an obligation and a responsibility to the child. It must co-operate with the home. The child soon learns to travel the road that leads from its home out into the great world. The parents should accompany the child on all its trips of exploration, and be interested in its findings. Boys and girls are restless for something worth while. They should not be disappointed.

The modern Sunday school is working along rational and systematic lines for the safeguarding of the children and youth of our land. Every home is urged to co-operate sympathetically with the church school for the safeguarding of *our jewels.*

The Home Department of the Sunday school makes it possible for *everybody* both to receive a blessing and to give a blessing unto some one else. And this is how it may be done:

Bent the grass blades to each other,
Whispered each unto his brother,
"Let's combine!
Let's combine!"
Then the tiny blades upspringing
Sang these words with voices ringing,
"See the fruit of combination
Emerald carpet for a nation."

Once the stars said each to other,
Signaling a far-off brother,
"Let's *all* shine!
Let's combine!"
At the word their lamps were lighted
And Earth's wandering feet were righted.
Oh, the power of combination
For the world's illumination!

Said the ocean's drops, all kissing,
"Let not one of us be missing;
Let's combine!
Let's combine!
Not in angry waves, high tossing,
Let us grant a swift, smooth crossing
To the ships of many a nation!"
Oh, the might of combination!

Gesture or Performance?

The Rev. Clinton Scott

EVER since I knew anything about the Universalists they have been just at the beginning of a great denominational awakening. For ten years I have been told that a great and lorious victory for the Universalist Church is to be on just around the corner. During the first years f my ministry I was much impressed with these prophcies. I waited impatiently for the day when the icked and misguided world would prostrate itself efore the Universalist Church, and with humble and ontrite heart make supplication for light and leading. large portion of wayward humanity knocking at ny chapel door and begging admission to the fold ould not have surprised me of a Sunday morning. ut I waited in vain.

The war came and found the Universalist Church, with the other Christian bodies, unprepared to offe anything more constructive than support of a program of brute force. Then we were told to cheer up, that war was only a cleansing process, and after it was ove our churches, especially those whose ministers had abandoned their parishes for military service, would be filled. I never understood why this was to be so, but it was, and the "militant Church" was to lead all that was left of the human race in a great forward movement that would bring a mighty baptism of the spirit of Christ, flooding the world with good-will and brotherhood. The war is over and still we wait for the heralded new Pentecost.

Whenever I meet live Universalists I find that they are dissatisfied with the way things are going. Some think we have too much organization, others

that we have too little, and still others that we have the wrong kind of organization. I don't know. I don't know what machinery is necessary to help us make the Universalist Church function more efficiently, but I am willing to follow and ready to try anything. I am quite certain of two things, however. I am certain that two requirements must be met if the Church is to be saved to the cause of Christ, and that unless we meet them all the administrative and ecclesiastical machinery in the world will avail us nothing.

The first is that we preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. You may ask, "Has not the Church been preaching the gospel for nineteen centuries?" The answer is, "No." The Church has preached a great deal, but very little of the gospel of Jesus. It is a startling fact that after all the centuries of that which has passed for Christian preaching, the average man knows next to nothing of Jesus' teachings. Many a preacher, if he could erase from his mind his traditional ideas of Christ and the Bible, and read the writings of St. Luke as a new experience, would be amazed to discover the religion of Jesus Christ.

I am certain also that no organization, drive or crusade can avail us much unless we live our faith. The Universalists are emphasizing the only principles upon which any permanent thing is being built to-day. Universalism *is* the inevitable religion of to-morrow. Moreover, it is the only successful religion of to-day. Churches of other denominations thrive on it, and we can not thrive unless we live it. More than preaching is necessary. Universalism can be translated to the world only in terms of acting living men and women. If we Universalists are to build a greater Universalist Church we must live Universalism. Only as the Word becomes flesh and blood, and heart and conscience, and dwells in us, does it live.

Let us have a Christ Crusade. Let us expect great things for our Church. Let us be ready to try the new, and to follow our chosen leaders. Best of all, let us remember that a drive or a program or a crusade has no power and no promise in itself. Without our enthusiasm and our consecrated effort it is an empty thing.

The Kingdom of God is at hand. It has always been at hand, waiting only for men made ready to possess it. It is to be achieved in the lives of men, however, not accepted by any man-made formula. We were warned long ago against those who would prophesy the coming of the Kingdom by scheme or schedule, and enjoined to remember that "the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here or lo there! for, behold, the Kingdom of God is within you."

The Washington-Tokyo Campaign

Authorized by the Univeralist General Convention and Under the Direction of the National Order of Universalist Comrades

CENTERING ON THE CENTER

The Rev. Harold Marshall, D. D.

THE career of every great captain from Alexander to Foch proves that victory is not to him who leads the largest army but to him who can concentrate the greatest power on the focal point of a battle or the critical hour of a campaign. The Universalist denomination might plant a hundred churches in small and to-be-smaller communities that all together would have no appreciable effect upon the Present or the Future. But already in terms of America, and increasingly in terms of the world, Washington is focal and strategic. Whether it knows it or not, the Senate of the United States is now debating whether or not it will allow the people of America and the peoples of Europe and Asia and the isles of the sea an opportunity to build a Universalist World. In this hour of fate there should have been a Universalist Paul on another Mars' Hill proclaiming that God *has* made of one blood American and European and Asiatic and African. How we should all thrill with such a great word from another Murray or Ballou or Chapin!

Because we do not have that to-day is neither reason nor excuse for not having it to-morrow. Washington is the acid test of how much we mean by a "World Church for World Service." To set our symbol of brotherhood where the struggle between the old hatreds and the new brotherhood centers is evidence not only of genius, but of common sense.

The blindest among us came to see at last that New York and Boston and Washington could be best defended in the forest of the Argonne and on the heights of St. Mihiel. Every Universalist who is lovingly loyal to his home church ought to realize that Washington is its first line of defense. If the Universalists of Worcester and Rochester and Joliet and Junction City and Riverside and Brewton, and all the other churches large and small, lack the courage and the consecration to make the Washington church great they will not even be able to keep their own churches little. But no one who was at Detroit or who has sensed the widening determination and deepening resolve of our people will doubt the outcome. We shall build a great center of Universalist influence at Washington because our spirit and our purpose are great.

* * *

THE PERIN-CATE HOUSE IN TOKYO

The Rev. Fred C. Leining

THE Board of Foreign Missions is in a happy mood. The reason is in the fact that Universalist eyes are focused upon Japan and there is a place in the Universalist heart for the people of Japan. Last year our Japan offerings increased ninety-one per cent and the increase in the number of churches giving was fifty per cent. We have recently erected a new church edifice in Shizuoka. The house for our missionaries in Tokyo has been erected. Both structures are greatly admired by the workers of other denominations. Our appeal for volunteers to the missionary field is being answered by our young people. There will be a procession following the Stetsons across the continent and ocean to the one field in which we are practising our doctrine

universal brotherhood. The day is coming when e shall have a waiting list of candidates for service ver seas. The reason is in the fact that we are taking ur Universalism seriously. The Board of Foreign lissions requires $20,000 for the year's work, and very church has been notified of the amount it is xpected to give, so that we shall have $20,000 to e consecrated to this cause of international good ill. The money is coming slowly, but it will come. here is now the need of remodeling the Central hurch in Tokyo along institutional lines, and Uniersalists will see that this advance is made posble. The way is now open for a new kindergarten uilding in Tokyo. The way will soon be open for ne erection of the Perin-Cate House for boys in Tokyo mply because the Comrades, our men, are campaigning for the necessary funds.

The building will be a memorial to the two men ho were our pioneers in World Universalism. Dr. erin laid the foundation stones. Dr. Cate colored ne stones with his own sacrificial blood. The house or young men who are students in Tokyo colleges an immediate need in our Japan program. It is so nportant that our Japan Council is considering the ossibility of renting a house that can serve as a ome for these boys until the Perin-Cate House is uilt. This form of institutionalized friendship, athered by the Universalist Comrades, is inseparably onnected with the spirit of international good will. t blesses him who receives, but certainly it blesses im who gives. In recent years, we have seen billions f dollars invested in hatred. The dividends were in orment and death and suffering. Surely the time as come for a change in policy, by investing in the onds of international good will—universal brotherood—and the dividends will be in friendship, life nd happiness.

If, by this house, we save only one boy from theism and infidelity, if he were your son, you would ay, "The money was well spent." But to do for hese boys what our Blackmer Home is doing for girls n Tokyo, to lift these boys into respect for girlhood nd womanhood, to tie these boys to the one Christian standard of morality that shall be lived by boy and girl, man and woman, alike, to lead them to the real and lasting joys in the Christian life—this is what Jesus asks us to do, to bind up wounds, to break down prison walls, to open the eyes of the blind, to feed the hungry, to prevent disease, to cure the hopeless, to save the fallen.

A wise German philosopher and statesman said: "The future and fate of any nation depend upon what the young men of under twenty-five are thinking at a given moment." The Christian Church in Japan is specializing in young people's work. It is reaching a multitude through its educational institutions. The schools of the Church, beginning with the kindergarten, are the sure way to Christian success. The poet was right when he sang,

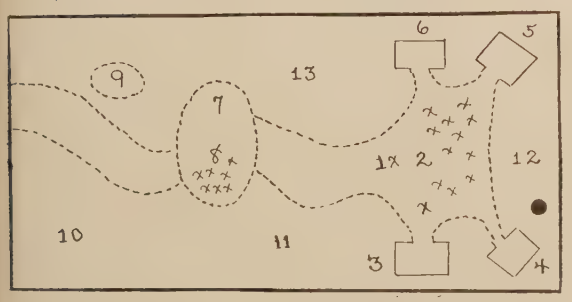
"Only to the music of children's song
Shall the walls of a nation rise."

This policy will develop a Christian Japan and a strong Church. The adolescent period gives youth its troubles in Japan as in other nations. Student life in Tokyo is for the most part homeless. When the home-ties break, something snaps in the life of the young men. The temptations in this city are terrific. The boys are faced with evils that have been regarded as inevitable. Righteousness has not been popularized. These lads need the guidance of a Christian home where there will be both restraining and emancipating influences. The Church that has its dormitory, which is virtually a Christian home, is very wise. The constant grip upon these young men by our workers who will serve them as big brothers, will mean a new manhood for Japan. These lads will let their light shine. A new manhood in Japan will mean a new womanhood for Japan. A new manhood and a new womanhood in Japan will mean a new home that will be the constant foe of all ancient and modern evils. This remaking of Japan will make the friends of militarism and wickedness a defeatable minority. It will give to the world another nation which believes that the greatest nation is not the nation that lies, steals and kills the most, but the nation which loves and serves the most.

The Sand Table

Mrs. Frank Austin Alden

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER



1. Joshua.
2. People (as many as convenient).
3-6. Tents.
7. River (mirror).
8. Stones (to be put on according to story).
9. Stones as monument (as in story text).
10-13. Grass, trees, flowers, etc.

NOW all of you put on your thinking caps, for I am going to ask a question in a minute, and I want you all to answer it. It is not a new question, for we have asked it many times before, so you should all be able to answer. Here it is: Who takes care of us all the time? Think a minute. Who is it? God, our heavenly Father. Yes, that is right. He takes care of us all the time.

And God takes care of many, many other living things that we love. Suppose we think for a minute about two forms of life that God cares for in such a way that we can understand it. He takes care of the birds. How many of you have heard about the birds going South when cold weather comes? I thought some of you had. You know as you go toward the South it is warmer and there the people do not have the hard cold weather in winter. Well, there are a lot of birds that can't stand the winter weather, and

when the winter comes, or just before, they begin to fly toward the South. Now even God can not care for anything without a way of doing it. And the way He cares for these birds is to make them feel that it is time to get away, and to feel which way to go. So when they fly toward the South they are following God's way.

Then God takes care of the flowers. We all love beautiful flowers, do we not? Well, you know God has a way of caring for the flowers. When the cold weather comes and the birds fly South, the flowers can't fly, so what do you think God does for them? Why, He just puts them to sleep right in their own little beds. And then He sends the snow to cover them with a nice white blanket. And they sleep through the winter. And in the spring He takes off the blanket, and sends the warm rain to soften the ground, and pretty soon you see the flowers peeping through. They are just waking up after a long fine sleep, ready for the new season and its work. That is God's way of caring for the flowers.

Now, what have we learned about the birds and the flowers? That God cares for them. Yes. And, more than that, that God has a way of caring for them. Now, if God cares for us all the time, don't you think He has a way to care for us? Why, He surely has. Just as He tells the birds when to fly away and which way to fly, and just as He puts the flowers to sleep right where they are, because they can't fly away, so He has a way to care for us. Sometimes He tells us to fly away from things that are too hard for us. And sometimes He makes a way for us to stay right where we are and yet get on all right. Now our lesson for to-day is to show just how God cares for His people.

Here is a man (point to 1), and his name is Joshua. I want to tell you what his name means. His name means, "Whose help is God." Why, that just means that God takes care of him, doesn't it? Yes, indeed. So you see when Joshua is made the leader of the people, it is because God is his leader, just the same as he, Joshua, is the leader of the people. And now let us think of this: that when God appoints a leader for us, it is God's way of caring for us and letting us know what to do and when to do it. For you see God has a way of taking care of us just as He has of taking care of the birds and the flowers.

Now, what do you think this is? (Point to 7.) This is a river. Of course a real river is very long, but our table is small and we can only show a little of it. Across this river is a beautiful land. And God has told the people that they are to have this land for their own, if they follow the leader He has given them. But how can they ever get across the river? There are no boats. But Joshua tells the people to come on with him, because he knows that God will provide a way somehow. (Move 1 to 7 and have 2 rather slowly follow. Stop them all at edge of 7.)

Well, here they all are right by the bank of the river. And the people are all wondering how Joshua is going to get them across to the other side. And what do you think happens? The Bible tells us that the river just parted for them. The waters that were coming down just stopped like a wall, and the waters on the other side just kept on going, until they could walk across on dry land. I wonder how we can show this on our table. Well, let us see. Supposing you (name two children on opposite sides of table) each take a little of this sand and sprinkle it across the river. (Have them do this so as to make a rather irregular path an inch or so wide all the way across.) And, then as the story goes, they found in the bed of the river after the water was off a lot of stones. (Have children place stones in middle of the path, or do this yourself as seems best.) So we will put the stones right here (8). And now Joshua takes two men with him and goes to the middle of the river. (Move 1 and two of the other dolls to center of path.) Then Joshua calls to the others to come across. (Move other dolls of 2 way across to the other side.) Then, when the people are all safely across, Joshua tells the two men to help him pick up these stones and go with him. Now we will just make believe that Joshua and the men are doing this. (Have children move Joshua and the two men with the stones to other side.) And do you know what Joshua does then? Why, he makes the men pile up the stones as a monument, that is to always make them remember how God took care of them when they followed their leader. (Pile the stones.)

How many of you have ever played the game of "Follow your leader?" You know when we play that game, some boy or girl is picked out for a leader, and all the rest in the game have to follow that leader no matter where the leader goes, or what the leader does. And sometimes it isn't easy to do. Part of the time it is just as easy as can be. But then again the leader does things and goes to places where it is hard to follow.

But if you want to stay in the game, you have to do the hard things, and go to the hard places, just the same as to the easy ones. If you don't, those who follow the leader soon leave you alone all by yourself and you have no more part in the fun at all. Well, then, if you are going to do as God wants you to do, that is follow His way of taking care of you, you have to follow your leader, because that is the way God has of taking care of you all the time.

Now, I wonder who can tell us who the leader is that God has appointed for us to follow? Not Joshua, now. Joshua lived many, many hundreds of years before our leader. Jesus. Yes, that is right. Jesus is the leader God has given us to follow. And if we follow him we will be always taken care of, because this is God's way of taking care of us. And what do you think? Why, the name Joshua was the old form of the name Jesus. Yes, when he lived that was the way they used the name. And later it was made Jesus. So Jesus was really named after the leader we have been studying about to-day. It will not always be easy to follow Jesus, because he tells us always to be kind and loving and helpful. Sometimes it will seem just as hard as it seemed to these people to follow Joshua at the river. And you will wonder how you can possibly do it. But when it seems hard, then remember this lesson about Joshua. For that is what this lesson means, that God is taking care of you and He will make a way for you to follow your leader, even when it seems impossible. And then, when God has taken care of you, don't forget the

monument (point to the pile of stones), for you ought to make some mark in your mind at least that you should never forget how God took care of you. It is one way of thanking your Heavenly Father for His care. And it teaches us always to keep on following our leader, who is Jesus.

The Papers of John Pererin

XXVII The Triumph of the Cross

ONCE upon a time—and very long ago—a poet, struck by the wonder of man, sang the grandeur of the human promise. Confidently he descried the glory and honor, the power and dominion, to which man was foreordained; and this splendor of destiny seemed so sure that the poet sang of it as though it was already come to pass.

Some centuries later, an unknown writer, of whose work only one letter has survived the vicissitudes of time, recalls this old poem and quotes it. "But," he goes on to say, "this thing has not happened." Man has not attained to this honor and glory of which the poet sang. His promised empire has not materialized.

Yet I imagine that there were men in those days who would have disputed this judgment. At least, they would say, consider the progress that man has made. Think of his achievements—of these great roads we have made which reach to the ends of the earth; of these wonderful aqueducts we have built; of the advances we have made in architecture, in shipbuilding, in agriculture, in metal-work; of the great improvement in military arms, the increased size of the army; and, best of all, look at the Roman Empire, the greatest and best thing of its kind in the world. We may not have arrived; but we are surely getting on—don't be downhearted.

But our writer would reply that he was not at all downhearted; what his critic had said was no doubt true and very impressive, but he did not derive his consolation from that region. For, while it might be the case that mankind had made a great deal of progress in improving the world in which it lived, it did not in the least follow that it had improved itself. It might be true that man had acquired a mastery over some parts of nature, but that did not necessarily mean that he had gained the mastery over himself. His outward progress did not at all prove that he had made any real progress in the things that made him, in the distinctive values of his manhood.

But, the critic might then ask, "In that case, upon what grounds do you base your hope for mankind?" And here is the peculiar answer that this old writer gives. "I base it," he seems to say, "upon the fact that *one man has actually made good*, has risen to the full stature of manhood." We do not yet see all things put into subjection to him (to man, that is), says the writer, "but we do see Jesus, crowned with glory and honor."

Now, I can imagine the critic scratching his head a little. Progress, success, meant to him the big things, the empire, the great roads, the vast engineering schemes, the new splendid battering rams and catapults that the army used; and yet here was a writing fellow who took no stock in these things and talked of some one who had made good, of whom he had never heard. This Jesus, who was he? What did he do?

And the writing fellow answers: "Well, he died." "Who for the suffering of death is crowned with glory and honor."

And upon this, the critic turns on his heel and says something under his breath about sentimental idiots.

* *

We do not yet see man crowned with glory and honor. We do indeed see him furnished with telephones and telegraphs, Pullman cars and automobiles, aeroplanes and superdreadnoughts, gramophones and pianolas, poison-gas and armored tanks—oh, and a thousand things beside! He has made enormous strides in knowledge and invention; and he has evolved many devices for the preservation and the security and the comfort of his bodily life; of material wealth his gathered store is beyond reckoning. And this is no doubt a sort of progress—or at least a movement of some kind. But it is by no means clear whether this enormous express-train movement is taking us at last to the City of Dreadful and Endless Night or to the City of God.

And I can, as I look around about me and observe the low estate of truth and man's inhumanity to man, I can understand how sensitive spirits fall into moods of cynicism and pessimism After so long a time, if this is the best we can do, what is the good of trying to do anything for man? Oh, I know that there is more good in the world than there ever was; the sadness of it is that there should be so much more evil, too! Why, if our capacity for goodness is more, should our capacity for evil not be less? Is there any hope for our humanity? Shall we ever shake off this tragic entail of selfishness and inhumanity? Must our latent goodness, our capacity for truth and love, ever be as the smoking flax and the bruised reed? No, Man has not yet made good. His promise is unrealized. We do not see him crowned with glory and honor.

* *

No, but *we do see Jesus*, crowned with glory and honor. And this old letter-writer is all the time anxious to have us remember that this Jesus is one of us, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. *Jesus*, he tells us, *made good*, and he anchors his faith to that. Do you think that it is not in flesh and blood to realize its possibilities, to achieve its destiny, to reach its appointed goal? Then, he says, look at Jesus; he did it; *he did it*, and in him we all did it; and through him we shall all do it yet. In Jesus, man showed what he could do, what we all may do, if only we carry on and keep the faith, running (as this writer says later in his letter) with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.

But this Jesus, what did he do? How did he make good? Well, answers our writer, he died. He died? Yes, he died. "For the suffering of death, he was crowned with glory and honor." But there is nothing unusual in that. We all die, soon or late;

nor indeed is there anything unique in the circumstance that we remember Jesus because he died. We remember Polycarp—to name only one of a great company—for the same reason. All of which is true; but our writer would say: All the same there is a difference. Whatever we may say of the noble army of martyrs, there is not one among them whose death was the perfect and inevitable flower of his life as was the death of Jesus, none whose death rounded off his life so fittingly, as also none whose death has had so great historical consequences. It may not be easy to say in words just why this is so—but somehow or other the cross seems a perfect and absolute thing. *It was the essential Man in the Perfect Act.* It is the high-water mark of moral achievement by flesh and blood. It is the ethical C Major of the race. Yet it is not the end of the matter; it is rather but a promise. It is both God's pledge to man and man's pledge to God that man will yet make good This Jesus, says our writer, is to lead many sons to glory and to become the first born among many brethren.

We thank Thee, O God, for the mighty hope we read in the Cross of Calvary. We thank Thee for that Supreme Moment of a Perfect Obedience; and though it seem to us to be a height too high for our aspiring, we take heart of grace in the remembrance that he whose Cross it is was bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. In him we see the promise of our victory, and even amid the difficulties and reverses of our struggle we renew our confidence in Thee by whose Grace he triumphed and who wilt also bring us to the end of our little day undishonored and undefeated. Amen.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

James W. Vallentyne

APRIL 9—THE LORD PRESERVES JOASH

2 Kings 11 : 1 - 21

Position, Its Cost and Value

The reader of history and the observer of contemporary activity must alike be impressed with the effort made by many people to secure position. In this story where a mother destroys her grandchildren for the sake of dispensing patronage to her own liking, we have occasion to raise the question of the value of position, a reasonable price for it and in what the value consists. Blood flowed freely in this royal palace. The cottages of the humble were much more secure and comfortable. The father of Joash and all his uncles and aunts were killed by Jehu. All his brothers and sisters were slain by his grandmother. What a family history! What was the prize for which this bloodshed was paid? Were the prize and the price comparable?

Of course position has value. To the man who has a great program of public service position has a value. It may be that a place of leadership is sometimes worth a great price. When the object and purpose of position be to gratify personal vanity the payment of any price is quite a silly outlay.

Position and leadership should mean responsibility and obligation to pay. He who seeks position to be seen or heard or fed upon recognition or paid an easy income is certainly too shallow and devoted to himself to be entrusted with any issues which have importance.

The great weakness of government and of organizations in general is that the positions of leadership are so commonly filled by men who seek them. The seeker is never the capable man. He seeks because he is incapable.

The long record of battles fought in the interest of families and of factions is a most striking comment upon the human appetite for place. The long roll of names of those slain in battle to crown vainglorious individuals is a sorry revelation of how easily the common people can be exploited.

What right had this woman to assert an arbitrary will upon the selection of the people's ruler? She was but *one*. Where was the will of the people? Why should one destroy lives to prevent these individuals from becoming possible factors in government? Where was public conscience? Where was public intelligence? Where was public power?

This incident provides some evidence of our progress. Nothing like this could now occur even in the most corrupted centers of the most religious nation in our time.

We must not be content. We must go on until not only a man's life is safe but his name is safe from the assassin's virus. Public office must be made safe for good men. We must go on until election shall be on merit rather than on self-propagated publicity.

Who Is Ruler?

It is an extraordinary fact that "the best people" do not occupy the positions in government. People of fine culture are not active in public affairs. The intellectuals are not interested in the machinery of government. What can be the reason? Is it very wicked in them? Is it dangerous to public good?

It is disconcerting that "the government" is in the hands of the egotistical mediocrity whose egotism is an armor for their sensibilities. People of serious and frank purpose can not be happy in the game of dust-throwing. Neither can they succeed. Our best people are not disinterested in public affairs, but they can not play the game that wins.

But that which appears to be is not always one hundred per cent true. Good thinking is not without its power because it is not elected to office. Culture is a mighty factor in society even though it is not always seen in the street.

The kingdom of heaven is like leaven. It may be lost to view. Its work is both silent and invisible. He who would know reality and stand upon foundations of truth must not forget that leaven *works*. The greatest forces we know anything about are all both silent and unseen. Noise may be an evidence of power but it is not an evidence of the greatest power.

Athaliah committed a great sin and she occupied the throne a little while, but she disturbed the river of history so little that the world has no knowledge either of her or of her doings. Her name is simply a link in the chain of names that make chronology. There is a great difference between making chronology and making history. Lots of people live in the former who are quite unknown to the latter.

The Boy Becomes King

Pictures are made by light and shade. Athaliah, the grandmother, murdered her own family to get to power. When the hidden child was brought into the temple and crowned as the only survivor of the house of David she cried, Treason, Treason!

How sensitive treacherous people are to treachery! She who lives as "that wicked woman" was amazed that any one should be untrue to her. She met the fate she meted out to others.

Joash was made king. He did well as long as he had a strong religious influence about him. When that failed he failed. He met the fate of those who preceded him.

What a record! What a period! What a chapter to feed our children! It is a stone for those who ask bread.

Thank God for Democracy

Our government can be developed until our ideals are realized, but then we shall have other ideals lying out in farther horizons, so that we may never come to that place where we shall feel content with our achievements. This we have and must enjoy, that we have made great progress. It is a long way from the kings of Judah to the government of the people that is by the people and for the people.

In our courage let us neither grow haughty toward those who have not come so far, nor selfish in our use of the great bounty and development that have combined to make us rich. The world does not need our wealth, but it does need our friendship and encouragement. Let us profoundly pity and wholesomely inspire the peoples who crave the freedom we find so sweet.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

THE MYSTIC PATH

First day in school our little boy
Came home with knowing nod,
And said, "I guess I'll soon know more
Than any one 'cept God.

"God knows it all, He made the world
Without a single tool,
And don't you know, the strangest thing,
He never went to school."

That night I went to kiss my boy
Asleep in little bed,
And wondered would he ever know
How wise the thing he said.

Perhaps he'll go through many schools
And win his Ph. D.,
And dream he's wiser than the rest
Because of this degree.

But will he walk the Mystic Path
Where prophets' feet have trod,
And find there is an inner world
Where man can work as God?

Henry Victor Morgan.

THE CANDY TREE

WHEN Steve, who lived far up in the Northern hills, went to visit his uncle in a Southern town, he found a great deal to interest him. Most of all he liked the big shops, especially those where he and his little Cousin Donald went to buy ice cream or soda. Steve had never tasted soda before, for his home was far away from any town, and it amused him to see the salesman turn the spigots and draw anything that was called for.

"Don't you have soda where you live, Steve?" asked Donald.

Steve shook his head. "Not near enough for me to get any," he said.

"Nor ice cream?" asked Donald.

"No," said Steve. "But I'll tell you what we do have," he said. Then he stopped. "No, I won't, either, I'll wait till you come up to visit me, and then you can have some. I'm pretty sure you've never tasted it before—not the way we have it."

"Is it something to drink?" Donald asked.

Steve nodded. "Yes," he said.

Donald pondered. "Something to drink," he said, "but something that I've never tasted. It can't be water or milk." He looked at the glass bowls full of lemons and limes on the counter.

"I suppose it's made from some kind of fruit," he ventured.

But Steve said no; it was nothing like fruit. "Don't guess any more, Don," he said. "I'll show you when the time comes."

But Donald would not give up. "Is it sweet?" he asked.

"It surely is," said Steve. "You're getting warm in your guessing."

"What color is it?" Donald asked, encouraged.

"No color at all."

Donald looked dismayed. "Now I'm getting cold again. Do you take it through a straw or with a spoon, or straight from a glass?"

"It Tastes Like Candy"

"None of those ways," Steve said.

"From a cup, then?"

"Well, from a kind of cup," was Steve's reply.

"A kind of cup?" the little boy echoed. "China? Tin? Aluminum? Silver?"

Steve laughed outright. "You're way off the track now," he said. "You're cold as ice. Give it up, Don. Wait till you come to see me; then it will be a surprise for you as your soda was for me."

With that Donald was obliged to be content. But he puzzled over the matter constantly after his cousin had gone home. Every time he wrote to Steve he added a message at the bottom of the letter. "P. S.," it generally ran, "I shall be there in the spring, for that wonderful drink." In late January he added a second postscript: "Don't let anything happen to it before I get there."

To that Steve replied by the next mail: "Something is happening to it fast. You'd better come as quick as you can."

So Donald went, and soon after he arrived he looked Steve square in the eye for a moment or two and then said, "I'm thirsty."

"Come along, then," said Steve, laughing. "Your surprise is all ready. Bingo and I will show it to you." With Bingo at his heels he led the way through the kitchen into the back yard. The ground

was still covered with snow, and the air seemed very cold to the little boy from the South.

In a far corner of the yard Steve halted before a large tree. Donald stared. At the foot of the tree was a bench on which stood a wooden bucket, and just above the bucket were two little spouts, also made of wood and driven into holes so bored in the tree that the spouts sloped downward a little toward the snow-covered ground.

Donald noticed that some kind of liquid was dripping from the end of the spouts into the bucket, which was already nearly full.

"Water out of a tree?" he said. "No, siree, I never tasted that, sure enough."

"It's not water," said Steve, smiling. "Wait a minute and I'll show you what it is."

Reaching behind the bucket he drew out a queer-looking dipper and held it up to Don. "Not china, or tin, or aluminum, or silver," he said.

"Not one of them," answered Don. "But what is it?"

"Birch bark," said Steve. "Now," he added, "you can have the surprise drink."

He went over and thrust the dipper into the bucket. It came up dripping, and he held it out to Donald.

"Here, taste it," he said.

Don peered into the dipper; then he looked up rather blankly. "It's water," he said, "and you told me it wouldn't be."

"Taste it," Steve repeated, and Donald put out a wary tongue.

"There!" said Steve. "Is that water?"

Don took a good mouthful. "No, it isn't," he replied. "It tastes like candy. What is it, Steve?"

"Hurray! You've guessed almost right," his cousin said. "It is a sort of candy. You've eaten maple sugar, haven't you, Don?" Then as his cousin nodded he went on, "Well, this is maple sap. Every year it rises in the maple trees, and when the time comes to take it out we tap the trees; that is, we bore holes in the trunk and let the sap drain out through those spouts into the buckets. Then we boil the sap till it becomes syrup, and then boil the syrup till it is maple sugar. Now you understand."

Donald gazed up at the trees. "I'd swap all the soda fountains in our town," he said, "for a candy tree in my back yard!"—*Mary Norwood, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

FORESTALLING CURIOSITY

The Visitor: "My good woman, do you live in this village?"

Resident: "Aye, sir."

Visitor: "And I suppose you know every one here?"

Resident: "Aye, indeed."

Visitor: "Well, you can just tell them my name is Frederick Smith, and that I come from London, where I am a solicitor. That lady there is my wife, and those are my two children, Thomas and Elizabeth. We are having a holiday and intend staying here a week. We have hired the caravan. Last week we stayed at Invercauldy."

Resident: "Aye, sir, I kent a' that frae ma daughter who lives in Invercauldy, but she was sairly disappointed because she couldna tell me whit yer wife's name was afore she was marrit."—*Punch.*

LENT

Stealing away from earthly care and pleasure
To thee alone, our souls' Eternal Treasure,
O Christ, we come.
Not that at any season thou art nearer,
Or that unto our hearts thy love is dearer,
But we would tread again with thee the ways
That marked the closing of thine earthly days—
Our pathway Home.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life forever;
All souls are thine; naught from thy love can sever;
All wilt thou bring.
Through mists of doubt and through the shades of terror,
Anguish and pain—the self-made hells of error—
Thy Love shall light the lamp of every soul;
All are a part of thee, the one great Whole,
And thou art King!

Thou through man's heart triumphantly shalt enter,
Waking all hearts—thou art of all the center—
And thou art Love!
Standing again with thee in Halls of Trial
Thou art supreme; the lesser self's denial
Is all that intervenes 'twixt us and thee;
"Thy will be done," as in Gethsemane,
Our prayer must prove.

And as a symbol of thy crucifixion
Our carnal selves must die with the conviction
Thus thou dost save!
As we incorporate thy love's perfection
Share we this Eastertide thy resurrection!
"Seeking the things above" we rise with thee
O'er all the shades of earth triumphantly,
And o'er the grave!

Isabel Whitehouse Toppin.

* * *

WHAT THE AVERAGE MAN HAS

I am writing this in the living room of my home on a typewriter that weighs no more than a moderate sized book.

Light is provided by a lamp in which burn two incandescent bulbs.

In an adjoining room is a telephone from which I can talk to any city on the continent.

On the wall is a thermostat which regulates the flow of gas in my furnace and keeps the room at an even temperature of 70 degrees.

Almost within arm's reach are several shelves of books filled with the most profound and beautifully expressed thoughts of the ages.

The floors of my home are cleaned with a suction sweeper, operated by electricity, while the clothes are put through an electric washer and ironed in an electrically driven mangle.

My children attend a school where they are given a better education than the sons of kings could command a century ago.

I enjoy all these things and yet I am just an ordinary citizen with an ordinary income, living in an ordinary way. Tens of thousands have as much as I have and more.

And yet I kick and wonder what ails the world.

Were the good things of life ever so easily at the command of the ordinary man as they are to-day? Don't we all do a lot of welching that we haven't any right to do? And if we are not careful, isn't there a danger that we will upset the greatest civilization the world has ever known?—*William Feather in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

Poems and Portraits. By Don Marquis. $1.50.

The genial columnist who shines in "The Sun Dial" has many sides, more friends, and uncounted thousands of readers.

This collection reflects his moods and tenses, his vision, his keen observation, and his understanding—some one has called him "the Saint Peter of our literary characters."

By contrast, here is a poem, "The Paradox," which is like a creed:

'Tis evanescence that endures;
The loveliness that dies the soonest has the longest life. . . .
The rainbow is a momentary thing.
The afterglows are ashes while we gaze,
And those soft flames of song
That burn amid the bushes of the May
Expire before the sense can fix them. . . .
And notes of moonlight steal across the tender dusk,
And fancy flutings wander from the haunted hills,
And tremble and are gone. . . .
All bloom and fire.
All light and color, scent and sound—
And passion, which is kin to these—
Die almost in the instant of their birth. . .
They die, and yet they live forever,
For by their very poignance they are thrust
Deeper into the texture of that eternal stuff
Which is the soul
And grow to unity with it; and there
The loveliness which dies the soonest always lives.

and a portrait, which is as sharply merciless as an etching:

If you're so weak as to remark, "Miss Pringle,
The day is fine," why, then, Miss Pringle laughs;
At all the words of men Miss Pringle laughs.
If you should say, "There's Central Park, Miss Pringle,"
Or else, "I'm bitten by a shark, Miss Pringle!"
Or else, "Twice five is ten," Miss Pringle laughs. . . .
Shrill as a guinea-hen, Miss Pringle laughs. . . .
She laughed once when I said, "'Tis dark, Miss Pringle."
At first I thought, "Poor pretty little jilt!
Some nervous malady has caused this habit;
Her throat, no doubt, is always on the fidget,
Just as his twitchy nose perturbs a rabbit."
And then I saw her teeth, white, even, small. . . .
She has fine teeth, and nothing else at all.

She Blows! And Sparm at That! By William John Hopkins. Illustrated from paintings by C. W. Ashley. $2.50.

Mr. Hopkins was brought up in "an atmosphere of whale oil and romance" and is therefore very much at home in writing of the voyage made by one Timothy Taycox out of New Bedford fifty years ago.

Timmy was fifteen when he spied a whaler, the Clearchus, lying in the stream, and begged his father, "a big, brawny, smiling man," to let him go. Captain Nelson proved willing to take him, so his father said, "Let us be proud of you when you come home," and his mother cried, "God bless you and keep you!"—and Timmy was off for the South Seas, a homesick boy if the truth be told, but plucky.

It is as thrilling as a dime novel, this old-time whaling yarn, and interests not only boys but fathers. Put it in the corner where "Two Years Before the Mast" lives.

Life and Death of Harriett Frean. By May Sinclair. $1.25.

When the Fates voted on May Sinclair's mental makeup, humor was blackballed; so it is a relief that she has abandoned the idea of being funny and returned to her muttons.

Her newest book bears an odd and doleful title—we seem to hear the plaintive strains of "China"—and between its covers tells the story of Harriett Frean from her babyhood through the changing years to her death at sixty-eight.

Harriett is the petted only child of doting parents; high-mindedly sacrifices her only love because her lover is mistakenly engaged to her friend, and afterward finds the sacrifice needless; worships her father's memory and clings to the image of her mother, "longing, like a child, for their shelter and support; for the blessed assurance of herself."

There is more in this short novel than in many a longer one.

The Pharisees. By M. Morgan Gibson. $1.75.

Caerglas is "a flourishing little place in the south of South Wales, set on seven hills, and the river . . . reaches the sea some twelve miles away at Red Roses."

Adam Evans, a "tall serious boy of thirteen," is straining every nerve to take a scholarship in the grammar school when his father dies, and he takes back the books and applies himself to the duty of running the farm. Even at that age he is fond of Kitty, daughter of Job Thomas, keeper of the New Inn, who is sometimes sober; and in their scant leisure they preach sermons to each other, Adam's ability showing more and more.

David Harrington steals Kitty from him, though he is Margaret Ellis's *fiance*; and he also steals money and is responsible for much trouble. Margaret marries Rodney Carter, whom she comes to love devotedly, and after David, in cowardly despair, has shot himself, Adam, by now a successful writer, and Kitty are serenely happy.

Jane Journeys On. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. Frontispiece, $1.75.

Jane Vail, who "has been anointed with the oil of joy above her fellows," lives with her adoring spinster Aunt Lydia in a placid Vermont village, which after the manner of villages is sure that she is going to marry Martin Wetherby. But she doesn't.

Instead, she betakes herself to New York, is met by Rodney Harrison, "the last word in Reception Committees,"—roses on stilts etc.—establishes herself in Mrs. Hetty Hills's "really super-boarding-house," and proceeds to find out if she can write. She can, and goes on and on, having wonderful experiences and helping others less fortunate by the way. The last journey is a most unusual honeymoon with Michael Darragh, who is like the Saint Michael in her favorite Botticelli—a settlement worker almost too good for this world, but withal fascinating!

Seeds of Time. By John Drinkwater. $1.25.

Mr. Drinkwater seems quite one of us since he gave us that drama of "gaunt sufficiency" called "Abraham Lincoln."

Now comes his second book of poems, which takes its title from a line in "Macbeth," "If you can look into the seeds of time," and shows the broadening and mellowing effect of the years and his success.

We can not do better than quote the beginning and ending of the closing poem, "Beacons," which strikes the happily familiar note of oneness:

One home together by the fells we knew
And the blue brakes of England in the spring,
And we had sires who also heard the bells
Somewhere along the English meadows. We
Measure one cause, one spirit, and one word,
And in one pilgrim faith have done our part
In the slow world's devising.

. . . . . .

Then, pledged upon a happier covenant
Than furnished old crusades, with none to fear
Of arms or treasons, having for our faith
To covet not an acre of the world,
Shall we not be the new adventurers?
Come—let us get our gospel now by heart—
One man in grief sets a whole world in tears;
No man is free while one for freedom fears.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

April 2. Morning, Auburn, N. Y. Evening, Syracuse, N. Y.
April 3. Central Square, N. Y.
April 4. Middleport, N. Y.
April 6. North Adams, Mass.
April 7-8. Connecticut Y. P. C. U. Convention, Danbury.
April 9. Danbury, Conn.
April 16. St. Johnsbury, Vt.
April 18. South Acton, Mass.
April 28-30. District Young People's Conference, Clinton, N. C.
May 1. Red Hill, N. C.
May 2. Outlaw's Bridge, N. C.
May 3. Kinston, N. C.
May 7. Washington, D. C.
May 14. Evening, District meeting, Framingham, Mass.

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HOW THEY HELP

Down in Gardiner, Maine, there are both Senior and Junior Union, the former with approximately thirty and the latter with about ten members. They are neither unusually rich or prosperous or efficient or experienced, just good, steady, dependable, hard-working groups of young people with a minister and a minister's wife who know that the most effective work they can do is with their young people. Here is a quotation from a recent letter from Gardiner:

"Enclosed find checks for $1.75 for the Legion of the Cross from the Gardiner J. Y. P. C.U. and $20.00 from the Y. P. C. U. The money for *Onwards* and the rest of the Legion money will be forthcoming next month.

"Our Union has put $75 into lights for the church, and $140 into the motor for the organ, so they are alive here."

The Legion of the Cross is the means by which missionary money is collected in Senior and Junior Unions.

This is only one instance out of many where the Union is of immense material as well as social and spiritual help to the church. And more important than the financial and other contributions which the young people make, is the fact that by this work they are building into the very fiber of themselves an interest in and a love for the church and its work which will continue with them through the years.

* *

HUNT AND HAMMER

The Director has been in correspondence with a young man in one of our larger churches regarding the organization of a Union, and he apologizes for the appearance of his last letter by saying that he uses the hunt and hammer system on his typewriter. The fact of the matter is that the appearance of the letter in question is a great deal better than that of some the Director writes, because he uses the hit or miss system.

It occurs to me that if one wants to organize a Union that will live and grow and do good work, or if he wants to build up a strong, working church, he would do well to use the hunt and hammer system on the people he wants to reach, if he is careful to see that the hammer is well padded.

When a salesman, introducing a new line of goods, or even selling one that has been on the market for some time, visits a town, he does not insert a brief notice in an obscure corner of the paper announcing that he is there and would be pleased to meet all who are interested in his wares, at such and such a time and place. He will use the obscure corner if he can get it free, but he will probably use some display space as well, but that is not all.

On the board of trustees of a church which I once served was the salesman who had put "Lux" on the market in several states. He had the advantage of a big national advertising campaign. Everybody who read newspapers or magazines had heard the name, and probably knew that it was not a new make of automobile. But after that publicity he hunted up the individual merchants of the town, and hammered home to them the advantages of purchasing and offering for sale the product which he was introducing. If "cleanliness is next to Godliness," he was at least a near-missionary.

Too often when we want to organize a new church, or build it up, or to form a new society in an old church, we use the hit or miss system, and usually miss. For our publicity we too often rely upon the free notice which some papers still give, or upon a bulletin board in front of the church which is vacant half or two-thirds of the time, and perhaps issue a dignified little calender or other weekly or monthly that goes to those who are already interested to a greater or less degree. No organization but the church would ever get anywhere in that way.

It may be mentioned in passing that there are some who, when they try to start something new in the church, give every one the impression that it is only a new variety of the "touch" system. And it may also be mentioned in passing that there are some people who are so afraid that anything new is just another "touch" that they will have nothing to do with it until they know that it will cost them nothing.

But the really effective way is the hunt and hammer system, by which we pass on, not to a large group in diluted form, but to an individual or two or three gathered together, an idea, a conviction, a faith, a purpose, that with patience and persistence will at last have its perfect work.

Stanley Manning.

For the Quiet Hour

If I had time to find a place,
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self that can not show
In my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,
If I had the time!

Richard Burton.

Our prime elements are due to our drudgery; power of attention; power of industry; promptitude in beginning of work; method and accuracy; dispatch in doing work; perseverance; courage before difficulties; cheer under straining burdens; self control and self denial and temperance. *My daily task*, whatever it be, *that is what mainly educates me.*

W. C. Gannett.

"To be at leisure with one's self; to be strong enough to keep toil and the world within boundaries; to free one's heart to enjoy love and home, is worth a stern resolve and a big fight to keep it."

People are better than we fancy, and have more in them than we fancy; and if they do not show that they have, it is three times cut of four our own fault.

Charles Kingsley.

If you desire improvement in anything, it will never come to you accidentally. It must begin in a distinct, resolved purpose to make a change for the better. I call on you to give this day to a serious review of your life, of what you have been living for and of what you purpose henceforth to live for. Consider and know how it is that you intend to live.

Ephraim Peabody.

Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glance toward the past;
And tho' somewhat were lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new-born;
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask;
Each day will set the proper task.
Give other's work just share of praise
Not of thine own the merits raise;
Beware no fellow man thou hate,
And so in God's hand leave thy fate.

Goethe.

Thank God every morning, when you get up, that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and a hundred virtues which the idle man will never know.

Charles Kingsley.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St,, Boston, Mass.

W hen
N ew
M embers
A rrive

give them something to do. Instead of requiring a few overworked officers to carry the entire responsibility, let every member have a definite task to perform. A trial will convince you that this is one of the best recipes for a successful Mission Circle.

* *

W. N. M. A. DIRECTORY

In order that our readers may know who is chairman of each department in the national organization, the following list is printed:

Editor Bulletin:
President, Mrs. Ethel M. Allen,
317 Kelso Road, Columbus, Ohio.
Japan:
1st Vice-President, Mrs. James F. Albion,
216 Vaughan St., Portland, Me.
Membership and Candidate Department:
2d Vice-President, Mrs. William H. McGlauflin,
825 Sunset St., Scranton, Pa.
Jubilee:
Rec. Secretary, Mrs. Marian L. Lobdell,
256 Orchard Lane, Columbus, O.
Friendly Letters:
Cor. Secretary, Miss Rena A. Paul,
38 E. Main St., Granville, N. Y.
Treasurer, Mrs. Emma L. Bush,
24 Clark Ave., Chelsea, Mass.
Literature Secretary and Post Office Mission:
Mrs. Fred A. Moore,
54 Trowbridge St., Arlington, Mass.
Mission Study:
Mrs. Maude Lyon Cary,
502 E. Gansevoort St., Little Falls, N. Y.
Southern Work:
Mrs. Stanley Staring,
1770 Bryant Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Church Building Loan Fund and Social Service:
Mrs. W. C. Caldwell,
416 E. Jackson St., Muncie, Ind.
Field Secretary and Clara Barton Guild Secretary, Editor W. N. M. A. Column in *Leader:*
Miss Susan M. Andrews,
176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.
Clara Barton Universalist Memorial:
Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins,
52 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

* *

WOMEN'S DAY

Do all Circle members know about Women's Day, which is to be observed on April 30, 1922?

The women of the Universalist Church, organized as the Women's National Missionary Association, have done most commendable work in the years that are past. It is their aim to push on to greater and greater achievements. New work is being undertaken; new home mission fields are being cultivated; a new missionary is about to sail for Japan; a Japanese young woman is ready to return home to render efficient Christian service to women and children in her country. Progress is being reported all along the line.

And yet, this is the work of only a fraction of the women of our Church. Where are the others? Perhaps they are only missing this opportunity because they have not heard of what is being done, and of the urgent appeals that are coming to us and that can not be answered unless we have the enlistment of many more of our women.

So let us observe this day in all of our churches. Let the story be told of what some few thousand women are doing. Let us announce at that time in each church the result of our local membership campaign. Let this be a Red Letter Day in the history of the W. N. M. A.

In churches where there is no Mission Circle the service may be in charge of some other women's organization and the missionary story may be told by some one who is interested.

A letter has been sent to all pastors asking for their co-operation. Another letter has gone to the presidents of Mission Circles. Cards have been provided to be mailed to our office, stating that Circles wish to be enrolled among those observing the Day. The list of those returning these cards will be printed in the Bulletin and the *Leader.*

What is being done in *your* church? Let us add your name to our honor roll!

Vivian R. Moore.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

CHILDREN'S WEEK

From April 30 to May 7—eight days for special attention to matters pertaining to child welfare. That is what is urged by the International Sunday School Association. Our denomination will gradually adopt this season, as will the others, as a time for parents' meetings, parent-teacher meetings, teacher training organization, children's socials, and all sorts of activity looking for better care of the young.

The Pilgrim Elementary Teacher for April contains many good suggestions for those who wish to make much of the week. Copies may be obtained at ten cents each from the Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon St., Boston.

* *

THE LYNN CONFERENCE

Under the auspices of the Council of Religious Education, a young people's conference, three days in length, has been held in the First Universalist Church at Lynn, Mass. The theme was "The Challenge of Service," and a series of meetings filled with the highest Christian idealism was held.

Every attendant was given an opportunity to declare a purpose to accept the higher life, the following card being furnished:

My Purpose

With the help of God, I will:
Accept Jesus Christ as my Lord, and strive to live the Christian Life ....
Present myself for membership in the Church of my choice ....
Be willing to do special service when requested by the leaders of my local Church ....
Strive to overcome a personal temptation ....
Enroll as a student for the coming year in the Community School of Religious Education ....
Dedicate my life to full-time Christian Service, such as the Ministry, Religious Education, or Missionary Leadership ....
Name .....
Address .....
.....
Church .....

A large number of signatures were given, including many by the young people of our Universalist church.

* *

MR. SHOOK TEACHES

A community school of religious education is being conducted at Brunswick, Maine, local pastors and teachers leading the classes. Rev. Harry F. Shook, of the Universalist church, gives a course on "A Study of Child Nature," which is a popular treatment of elementary psychology, with especial emphasis upon the characteristics of the different periods of child development.

Here is an example. Many people say, "Oh, yes, it is all right to have your community classes when you are in a college city or town, for then you can get teachers; but it is out of the question for us." In any ordinary community the pastors can arrange and conduct courses that will be exceedingly helpful.

* *

GOOD MUSIC FOR GOOD SCHOOLS

Some of the modern hymnals have fine songs for boys. Some Sunday have a special song sung by the boys. Then give the girls a chance. Then combine the two. Then—you'll have a chorus choir.

Stella Marek Cushing.

Among Our Churches

Massachusetts Letter

Have you any reason for not joining the church? The Lenten Season is being observed generally by the churches of the state with special services. If mid-week services are not conducted, the regular Sunday services are used to emphasize the thought and intensify the spirit of the season. The indications are that the Easter season will be made notable by the large number of church accessions. The ministers are urged to make reports to the Central Office at once that the figures may be compiled speedily. * * **The State Conventions** will be held in Lawrence, May 16-18, 1922, and conducted according to the improved schedule of last year, thus permitting more time for the work of each organization. The proximity of these sessions serves as a reminder to the minister and people of those churches that have paid nothing on the Japan or state quotas. The Convention books close on April 30, which allows only fourteen days after Easter to make the necessary adjustments. *Every parish on the honor roll* is our objective. * * **The Men's Big Meeting** in Boston on Friday, March 24, will be history before this word appears in print, but not so with the objectives which the meeting will place before the men of the state, namely: A unified man-power which means a chapter of the Comrades in each local church; and co-operating man power which means a stimulating effort, extending from the local church to the realization of the Washington church and Perin-Cate Home in Tokyo. * * **Laymen's Sunday** was observed widely by the churches, and reports are unanimous in the expression of satisfaction over the results. The laymen enjoyed preaching to the ministers and the ministers enjoyed being preached to. * * **The Greater Boston Federation of Churches** is conducting a series of noonday services each week-day through Lent. The services are held in the Old South Church, Washington Street, Boston. Each denomination provides its proportionate share of the speakers. Dr. Conklin was our representative, and of course the people heard him gladly. * * **District Conferences** have been the order of the day. Two of them held recently made their meetings especially notable. The Worcester Conference, at its meeting March 1, signalized the increasing appreciation which our Church feels for its opportunity to serve worthily which is afforded by the Doolittle Home, by voting a generous contribution from its funds for the work. The Old Colony Association made a notable departure from its accustomed program when at the meeting in Quincy Feb. 23 there was held an evening mass meeting. The men appreciated the fact and were there. This may serve as a hint to other program makers. * * **Receptions** to ministers and their families are having prominent places on the calendar just now. Stoughton held an installation service on March 8, which was followed by a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth. Plymouth commenced the celebration of its centennial year by a gathering in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Franc. Waltham gave the friends of the church an opportunity to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt on March 14. Chelsea records its appreciation of the ever-faithful ministry of Dr. and Mrs. Bush by providing an opportunity for their friends to meet them on March 23. * * **Newtonville** has called as its minister Rev. Clifford D. Newton, who served as minister to the Gardner-Westminster churches, and he has accepted, so now it is Newton of Newtonville. * * **Melrose** has increased its minister's salary five hundred dollars. Congratulations, Mr. Lewis. * * **Swampscott,** at its recent parish meeting, found many causes for rejoicing—more money raised than ever before, all current bills paid, mortgage on parish house reduced fifty per cent, minister's salary increased, and definite plans made to liquidate the balance of the mortgage. * * **Medford** commences the second year of the pastorate of Rev. Hendrik Vossema with good prospects. The anniversary sermon—"The Message and Mission of the Universalist Church of To-day"—appearing in the local paper, was used for general distribution. * * **Charlton** has joined the growing list of federated churches, the Universalist and Congregational churches affiliating. Rev. E. W. Preble is made pastor emeritus, and Rev. Frederick Merrill of the latter fellowship is pastor. * * **Salem** conducted recently a religious census of the city, our church co-operating, and providing fifty workers. * * **Jamaica Plain** is making an interesting experiment of changing the hour of its Sunday service from the forenoon to four o'clock in the afternoon. * * **Jumbo Bonds** vocalized are becoming familiar sounds in the region of "Tufts Fellows." It simply means that all friends of Tufts College are being urged to buy Jumbo Bonds in order to raise an endowment fund of $400,000. * * With deep regret we record the passing of Rev. Ralph Everett Conner, pastor of the Marlboro Unitarian church. It will be recalled that Mr. Conner held prominent and successful pastorates in our denomination. His many friends extend sympathy to his family.

George E. Leighton.

Mid-West Letter

Minnesota. — I spent February in Minnesota. Larger than all the New England states combined, it has only five Universalist churches, while New England has several hundred. Quite a contrast! Yet had we funds to maintain them until they were really established, I am certain that we could organize churches in twenty-five additional towns. With the thousands of Scandinavians and Germans who are ready for our message, there is a real field for Universalism in Minnesota. * * **Rochester.**—Rev. E. M. W. Smith is doing splendid work here. The trustees told me that men who had never before taken interest had signified their intention of becoming regular supporters of the church. During all my visit I heard nothing but praise of Mr. Smith from his people, and I predict a marvelous growth for the church. * * **Minneapolis, Tuttle.**—I conducted special meetings here, and it was a genuine pleasure to spend a week with Rev. Thomas J. Farmer and to come in contact with my friends there, for during the past five years I have preached to these people many times. Loyal and much in earnest, they are doing more than at any time in the past to support the church. The Sunday school is growing and Miss Marion Griffith is doing splendid work among the young people. * * **Anoka.**—I conducted special meetings also at this church. It has been thoroughly reorganized and is doing excellent work. Mr. Farmer preaches here every Sunday evening, and both church and Sunday school, as well as the ladies' organization, are active. * * **St. Paul.**—In spite of the difficulties to be contended with in this city of conservatism, and the unfavorable location of the church building, Rev. C. H. Vail, D. D., by dint of hard work, is making real progress. Both church and Sunday school are growing, and Dr. and Mrs. Vail seem happy in their new field and are popular with the people. * * **Minneapolis, Redeemer.**—At the Sunday evening services the auditorium is packed to overflowing. Moving pictures are shown, and Dr. Shutter gives an address on some interesting and helpful phase of denominational activity, printed copies of which are distributed. The Sunday morning audiences run from 350 to 400, so I am informed. Sunday school activities are carried on under the able direction of Rev. Ellsworth C. Reamon, assistant pastor. Y. P. C. U. entertainments, Boy Scout meetings, and Fathers' and Sons'

nquets have been largely attended, and th the campaign now on to "Fill the ," it looks as if the audiences would on be too large to be accommodated in e present church building. Thus our ork in Minnesota moves hopefully ford. * * **Wisconsin.**—I have just been siting and preaching in Racine, Mukonago, Markesan and Augusta. * * **Rane.**—This church has unquestionably e of the finest male quartettes in the ate. One of its members is a noted elsh singer; another was at one time a ember of the Chicago Opera Quartette, d the other two have equal ability. I ceived a hearty welcome here. A reption was held at which this splendid uartette gave a delightful concert, and e ladies served refreshments. Mr. Mcavitt is doing good work and is much ved by his people. * * **Markesan.**—fter a delightful visit at Mukwonago, want to Markesan. Rev. G. A. King has signed the pastorate here, although his signation has not yet gone into effect. Rev. Merton Aldridge, of Sioux City, will succeed him. * * **Augusta.**—For years this church has been dormant except for an organization among a loyal group of Universalist women which has persisted. It is hoped, however, that the church will be revived and a pastor secured. A good-sized audience, including the Methodist minister and many from his congregation, attended the Sunday evening service. My subject, "The Fundamental Differences between Universalism and other Christian Faiths," seemed to strike the people as timely and worth while, and the editor of the local paper, Mr. C. W. Warner, requested me to return at an early date and preach again, guaranteeing me a houseful of men for an audience. I readily promised to come and shall plan accordingly. Both Mr. Warner and a Dr. Fields, who had never heard the message of Universalism before, subscribed for the *Leader*. The denomination is sure to hear from Augusta in the future.

Luther Riley Robinson.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

April 6. Public Meeting, Massachutts W. U. M. S. at Palmer.

May 10-11. Connecticut Convention, orwich.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to listed in this Calendar should send dates of special ents to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury ., Boston, Mass.

* *

HURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

reviously reported 112

PERSONAL

There was an interesting item in a recent sue of the *Pasadena Star News* concerning r. Henry Lovell Canfield, who will celerate his ninety-fourth birthday in May. le is probably the "youngest old man in ne Crown City," and certainly there are w living Universalist ministers who hold he record of having served all causes earing the name Universalist for as long time as he. Dr. Canfield is in perfect ealth and has good use of all his faculties. Hiking and horseback riding are his avorite diversions, and he believes that lenty of exercise has helped prolong his fe.

Maine

Portland, Congress Square.—Rev. J. F. lbion, D. D., pastor. Our Lenten serices started with a Fellowship Supper, hich proved to be the most largely atended and inspiring Fellowship Supper e have ever held. The committee in harge furnished a splendid menu of appeizing food. Congregational singing was ed by Mrs. Philip H. Nelson. The general ubject for the entire Lenten services is 'Our Present Day Problems in the Light of Jesus' Teaching," and the speeches of the evening were on this subject, Mrs. James E. Marriner treating it as it applied to the home, Mrs. Albion as it applied to the church, and Dr. Albion treating the subject in a general way. Frank B. Cummings, chairman of the Lenten service committee, spoke briefly upon the program for Lent. On Sunday morning, March 12, Dr. Albion preached on "The Baptizing of Jesus by John." A series of five Tuesday evening Lenten services is being held. Dr. Albion's subjects for these meetings are: "What Jesus Taught about God," "What Jesus Taught about Himself," "What Jesus Taught about Man," "What Jesus Taught about Sin," "What Jesus Taught about Life." A committee of thirty-six members, divided into two teams under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Merton E. Soule, is to assist in the canvass for new members.

Massachusetts

Plymouth.—Rev. S. E. Franc, pastor. The canvass for funds for the National Church and the Perin-Cate Home will be conducted in this church from May 21 to 28. I. H. Perkins, 31 Mayflower Street, is chairman.

Worcester, First.—Rev. V. E. Tomlinson, D. D., pastor. We were glad to welcome Miss Ruth Woodis back from her work in the Near East. On a recent Sunday she spoke at the morning service in a most interesting way of her experiences. Instead of the every member canvass for raising our annual budget of $12,000, at the suggestion of the chairman of the board of trustees, Arthur C. Comins, a parish "At Home" was held Sunday, Feb. 26, from 4 to 7 p. m. Those who support the church were invited to come and leave their pledge cards, showing themselves to be volunteers in carrying on the work of the church. The "At Home" proved to be a fine success, the money needed being promised and a delightful hour of fellowship enjoyed. Recent gifts of $2,000 in memory of Charles A. Homer and $3,500 in memory of Charles H. Pinkham, have increased our charitable funds to $25,000, the income of which is used for such purposes as buying coal for the poor, furnishing hospital treatment to the sick, and helping worthy students.

Wollaston.—The fair held by the Ladies' Aid was a wonderful success. We had thought that if we could only make $25, we would be well repaid, so when we succeeded in clearing $86.98, we felt we were to be congratulated upon our good fortune. Our society consists of only seventeen members and we have no church or church services. We are held together simply by our little bi-monthly meetings and the hope of sometime having a church. It was therefore a real undertaking to hold the fair. Our success makes the possibility of having a church seem nearer.

New York

New York, Washington Heights.—Rev. Clarence J. Harris, pastor. Mr. Harris will discontinue supplying the church in Mount Vernon, April 2, in order to devote all of his time to the increasing demands of this parish. The new church is well started, and the corner-stone is to be laid the week following Easter. An informal ceremony will take place, in charge of the president of the church, Frank R. Whitten, whose patient, persistent determination to have a church building is being brought to a successful issue. The pastor, who organized a summer camp last year, has secured seventy acres of ground bordering two lakes in the Adirondacks. He expects to have one hundred boys this summer, and twenty councilors. The cost is modest, but covers all expense. The camp is equipped with every possible aid for the culture and pleasure of the boys. A radio-phone, moving pictures, and telephone will be added this year. Mr. Harris is especially anxious to have the camp known as a Universalist Camp for boys. A large catalogue has been issued which he will gladly send upon request. A recent sermon by the pastor, "Militant Liberalism," which caused much interest, is being published, and is to be widely distributed.

Ohio

Cuba.—Rev. W. R. Rowland, pastor. With a large auditorium, Sunday school rooms, kitchen, vestry furnished with a good stage, steam heat and electric lights, we have one of the finest church plants in the country. The church was dedicated in 1869, and in 1909 the congregation built and dedicated the fine structure they now occupy. An inscription on the old corner-stone, which was built into the wall of the vestibule of the new building, "This church is for the use of all Christian denominations," shows the breadth of vision of

the founders. The church welcomes all to its benefits. Community gatherings are held. The Sunday school is well equipped with modern material. The Women's Missionary Alliance is active. The men are organized in the Comrades' movement, and the Y. P. C. U. provides for the young people.

Washington

Tacoma.—Rev. Henry Victor Morgan, pastor. On Friday evening, March 3, a large number of members and friends of the church attended a Magazine Contest. Nineteen different New Thought and Divine Science publications, together with *Unity* and the *Leader*, were represented by individuals or groups of individuals, bringing out the respective merits of each magazine. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Doubleday represented the *Leader*. Mrs. Doubleday presented the purpose of the paper as embracing the whole forward movement of religion, and Mr. Doubleday, after furnishing much merriment by reading selections from "Cracklings," concluded with a short address on "Universal Brotherhood." Prizes of subscriptions to the different magazines were awarded.

* *

GREATER BOSTON SABBATH SCHOOL UNION

The regular monthly meeting and supper of the Greater Boston Sabbath School Union was held at Charlestown, Wednesday evening, March 15. The program was in charge of Carlton Hicks, superintendent of the West Somerville school. Pupils from his school read papers, which had been given at sessions of the Sunday school, describing the various pictures which hang in the vestry of the church and giving a sketch of the lives of the artists. These pictures had been brought to Charlestown, and each one was shown on an easel as the different papers were read, thus giving a clear demonstration of the work the school is doing to educate its students to appreciate the masterpieces of religious art. An interesting discussion of the subject followed, when Dr. Conklin, Dr. Marshall, Dr. Leighton, Mr. Manning, and Mr. Whippen spoke briefly.

The next meeting will be held Wednesday evening, April 26.

* *

BOSTON UNIVERSALIST CLUB

On Monday evening, March 13, the Boston Universalist Club held its annual "Ladies' Night." President Thomson and Mrs. Thomson, Vice-President Oscar Marden and Mrs. Marden, Dr. J. Fort Newton, and the speakers of the evening, Dr. Samuel Crothers and Hon. Herbert Parker, were in the receiving line.

A splendid musical program was furnished by Mrs. Stella M. Cushing, violinist, Mr. Robert Newcomb, baritone, and Miss Katherine Yerrinton, pianist.

Mr. Parker, formerly attorney-general of Massachusetts, forcefully presented the necessity for all citizens of America to hold fast to the basic principles of the common law, upholding the ideals of the American Republic, not by new legislation, but by strengthening the laws we already have.

Dr. Crothers, introduced as the leading Unitarian clergyman in America, spoke in humorous manner on "The Irish Question," comparing the present views with those of several hundred years ago.

The annual meeting will be held Monday evening, April 10. The committee on nominations is as follows: Hon. William E. McClintock, Chelsea; Edward Scott, Somerville; Jacob Schneider, Dorchester. Joseph Horton has been appointed to act as auditor.

Some of the members of the club acted as ushers at the noon meetings at the Old South Meeting House, March 8-10, when Dr. Conklin, of Brookline preached.

William R. Thomson, President.

* *

GOOD NEWS

A New Universalist Church School Hymnal in Preparation

The demand for a new Universalist Church School Hymnal has become so insistent during recent months that it is evident that immediate action must be taken. Wishing ever to be of service to the Universalist cause, the Boston Sabbath School Union has appointed a committee to proceed with the preliminary work necessary to the preparation of such a hymnal. The committee consists of Mrs. Stella Marek Cushing, chairman, Dr. Mabel I. Emerson, Mrs. Ethel Manning, Rev. L. L. Lewis and Mr. Victor A. Friend.

The committee wishes to prepare a book that can be used in all our schools, therefore it asks for suggestions from Universalists everywhere. These should be submitted before April 15 to

Mrs. Stella Marek Cushing, Chairman,
75 Newport St., Arlington, Mass

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Notices

WANTED

Copies of the hymnal, "Praise and Thanks," few or many, for use in the Association of the Larger Hope. Address Leon P. Jones, Clinton, N. C.

* *

PUBLIC MEETING MASSACHUSETTS W. U. M. S.

On Thursday, April 6, a Public Meeting of the Massachusetts W. U. M. S. will be held at the church in Palmer, Mass.

In the morning the speakers will be F. A. Dewick, Rev. Isabella S. Macduff, Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Berry and Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins. Those able to attend only the luncheon will have the opportunity to hear Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, D. D. In the afternoon there will be speeches by Matsu Koyama and Miss Grace F. White, president of the Massachusetts W. U. M. S.

Box luncheon—coffee served by the Palmer Mission Circle.

Trains leave South Station, Boston, at 7.05 and 8.30 a. m., arriving at Palmer at 9.44 and 10.30 respectively. Trains leave Palmer at 4 and 4.15 p. m.

* *

VERMONT AND QUEBEC FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The vacancy upon the Fellowship Committee caused by the death of A. L. Cady of Bethel, Vt., has been filled by the Executive Board by the appointment of R. L. Richmond of Rutland, Vt., until the next regular session of the Convention.

Lay license has been granted to George P. Lovell of Bellows Falls for a period of three years.

George F. Fortier, Clerk.

* *

CONNECTICUT CONVENTION

The ninetieth annual session of the Connecticut Convention will be held in Norwich, Wednesday and Thursday, May 10 and 11. All friends of the faith in the state are cordially invited.

Theodore A. Fischer, Secretary.

* *

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. Paul Harris Drake and Rev. Ernest M. W. Smith, who had been dropped from fellowship, having requested reinstatement, favorable action has been taken by our committee and the applicants have been transferred as requested, Mr. Smith to Minnesota and Mr. Drake to Massachusetts.

Transfer has been issued to Mrs. Katherine Haskell Ball, a lay preacher, to the North Carolina Convention.

Arthur M. Soule, Secretary.

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests.

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

For the Board of Managers.

FRANK A. DEWICK, *President*

JOSEPH B. HORTON, *Clerk.*

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They had missed the train. "We wouldn't have missed it," he said, "if you hadn't been so long dressing."

"Yes," she replied, "and if you hadn't hurried me so, we wouldn't have such a long wait for the next."—*Exchange.*

* *

Victim (in the water): "Don't stand grinning there! Throw me the lifebuoy!"

Scot: "Weel, I've heard it said that the Scots hae nae sense o' humor, but I've a gran' joke for ye! The lifebuoy's awa' for repairs!"—*Boys' Own Paper.*

* *

A negro woman in Savannah was preparing to get married. For four weeks before the ceremony she saved her wages, and immediately after the wedding she hunted up her mistress and asked her to take charge of the fund.

"I'll take it, of course," said the puzzled woman, "but, Mandy, won't you need your money to spend on your honeymoon?"

"Miss May," said the bride, "does you think I'se goin' to trust myse'f wid a strange niggah an' all dat money on me?"—*Can-Cleve Hub.*

* *

Mrs. Flynn: "The neighborhood seems a bit noisy, Mrs. O'Brien."

Mrs. O'Brien: "Yis. Th' only time it's quiet here is whin the trucks go by an' drown th' noise."—*London Answers.*

* *

Hook: "Oldboy is the most melancholy fellow I know."

Crook: "You're right. He proposed to a girl once by asking her how she would like to become his widow."—*Stray Stories.*

* *

Nothing is more gratifying than to make a mistake and then see it copied without credit by all the other newspapers in the same county.—*Boonville Republican.*

* *

When little Percival arrived at school on the opening day, he carried the following note to the teacher:

"Dear Teacher: Our sweet little Percival is a very delicate, nervous child, and if he is naughty—and he is likely to be naughty at times—just punish the boy next to him, and that will frighten him so he'll be good."—*Wayside Tales.*

* *

Pleasant Polly (entertaining big sister's beau): "Oh, Adolphus, guess what father said about you last night!"

Adolphus: "I haven't an idea in the world."

Pleasant Polly: "Oh, shame! You listened."—*Oral Hygiene.*

* *

Husband: "Iris, when I looked at my accounts last night I nearly died of fright. Our motor car is costing us over five hundred a year!"

Wife: "Well, Jack, don't blame me! I advised you not to keep an account!"—*Ex.*

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